



CHILDREN'S BOOK
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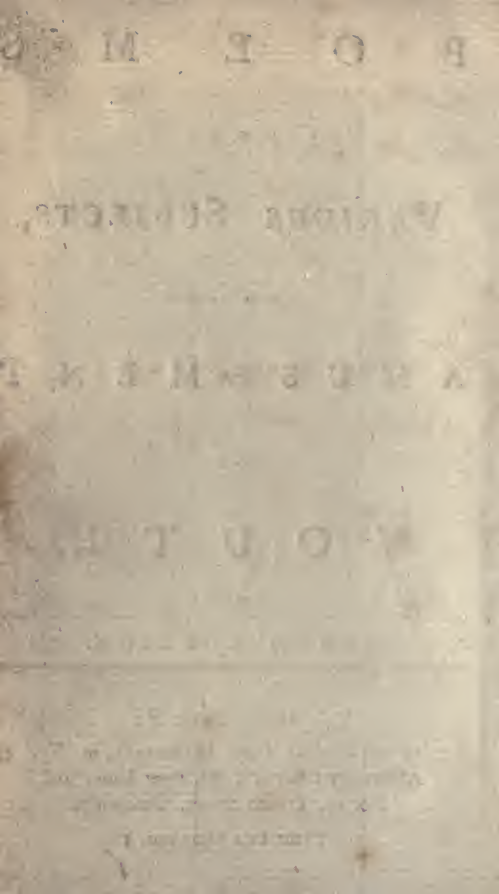
P O E M S
O N
V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S,
F O R T H E
A M U S E M E N T
O F
Y O U T H.

T H I R D E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N :

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P R E F A C E.

THE mean execution of a good intention, though it may subject the Author to the pity of superior talents, is, at least, deserving of indulgence, from the benevolence of the motive which inspired it. The following work hath only that merit to plead in its favour. Its design was to please those minds which were incapable of admiring the beauties of superior composition; and the jingle of the rhyme, it was imagined, would be an agreeable exercise to the memory, at a time of life when that faculty is peculiarly strong,

and must have some subject for its employment. The charm of *variety* will, perhaps, recommend the following pages to their attention, although they should be thought destitute of any other title to regard : and in this idea the Author will make no further apology for presenting them to their notice.

P O E M S, &c.



The T H O U G H T.

To Miss CAROLINE C—

MY dear, you've heard, I dare to say,
'Tis no *imaginary* play,
Of *What's it like? and then declare,*
What with your Thought will best compare.

B

A youthful

A youthful band one evening sat,
 Tir'd with their friends' unheeded chat:
 Regardless of the nation's state,
 Of *Gallia's* or *Britannia's* fate:
 If conquest waits on *Clinton's* arms,
 Or *Washington* our hosts alarms.
 Their little hearts no evil fear,
 No future tax, no doom severe;
 But all the ills their fancies paint,
 Is to submit to such restraint:
 In quietness the time to waste,
 Ill suited with their sportive taste.

Henry at length, a lively boy,
 With sparkling eyes, that spoke his joy,
 Exulting thus his friends address'd,
 And told the scheme that fir'd his breast.

I recollect a charming play,
 May be commenc'd without delay;
 Which we may *quietly* pursue,
 And no disturbance *can* ensue.
 I have a Thought, pray what's it like?
 Say *ought* which does your fancy strike.
 You, *Charlotte*, the resemblance tell,
 This sport will suit us wond'rous well!
 Rubbing his hands he smiling cry'd;
 While each to find a likeness try'd.

'Tis like a *bear*, she soon rejoin'd!
 —Pray, *Anna*, next declare your mind?

'Tis like, (and round she cast her eye,
Some proper object to espy.)

'Tis like that *fire*, at length she said,
And spoke as roving fancy led.

Such different conceits were brought,
To match young *Henry's* secret Thought,
That had you, *Caroline*, been there,
You would have laugh'd, I'm sure, to hear.
Some guess'd the most unlikely things:

One said 'twas like a *pair of wings*.

'Twas like a *race-horse* one confess'd,
Perhaps his simile was best.

The last a *monkey* did proclaim,
And begg'd the youth his Thought to name.

Now all with mute attention wait,
To know from his decree their fate.
He, smiling, paus'd, with joy possess'd,
And thus the expectant band address'd,

What in a MAN, my *Charlotte*, say,
Like to a *bear* can you survey?
Look round, my dearest girl, and see
If ought less similar can be?

In silence all her words attend,
And forward with attention bend.

She look'd around, then thus began,
I'll find the likeness if I can.

Did men behave as suits their kind,
With proper dignity of mind;

Did graceful manners add their charm,
Each boisterous passion to disarm;
A forfeit's loss I might bewail,
For sure the likeness then would fail;
But when we see, too oft 'tis true,
Such brutal rudeness held to view;
When they with careless scorn depart,
From each polite and soothing art;
They seem to own a brutal sway,
And bear the rival palm away;
For *bears* but act as suit their kind,
Man's more a brute when unrefin'd.

With kind applause this Thought they hail,
And hope that *Anna's* will not fail.
'Young *Henry* for her answer turn'd,
His wishes all the rest confirm'd.

Good-nature beaming in her eyes,
With mild obedience she replies.
Yon *fire*, my friends, whose kindling blaze,
Emits around its cheerful rays;
In cold extinction soon must lye,
Unless *fresh coals* its heat supply.
So would the *human frame* decay,
And early waste its power away,
Depriv'd of life-preserving food,
By which existence is renew'd.
She ceased, and took *Maria's* hand,
Whose answer pleas'd they all demand.

What

What shall I say? What must I do?
How prove my simile is true?
A *man* is like a thousand things,
But he's not like a *pair* of *wings*.
He wou'd much sooner learn to crawl,
He needs but on his hands to fall:
But how to make my hero fly,
I cannot tell, I own, not *I*;
And yet to *forfeit* wounds my pride,
For you and *Charlotte* will deride.
—Do not our thoughts rove unconfin'd
Like *wings* to bear the passive mind?
Do they not other realms explore,
And swiftly seek each distant shore?
Nay, they do *more* than *wings* can do!
Bring back past scenes again to view!
They'll wing their flight at length away,
To realms of everlasting day.
I've done, she cry'd. And *Charles* now tell—
If your fine *Race Horse* runs as well?
Ah! sure he shall, the youth replies,
I'll bett this *watch* he wins the prize;
Each *man* must enter in the race,
With glory rise, or meet disgrace.
No time for indolence or fear,
For fate will urge the swift career.
The hopes of conquest should inspire,
Each breast with emulative fire:

Since in this race who wins renown,
Can never lose the roseate crown,
True merit its reward shall find,
And leave the baser set behind.

Let us, my friends, in life's short day,
Pursue with speed our destin'd way.

Perfection is the goal we seek,
And constant care our hopes bespeak,
Since all who strive, are sure to gain
Success, a recompense for pain.

Now smiling *Kate* a likeness find,
And show us monkeys like mankind.

Not hard, she cry'd, I think my task,
Yourselves a proof of what you ask.

Boys *monkeys* are, do all you can,
And boys, they say, resemble *Man*.



Verses occasioned by a young GENTLEMAN'S
hiding his SISTER'S SQUIRREL.

LITTLE *Jenny*, as soon as her business was o'er,
Retir'd her Squirrel to find;
But alas! all in vain, poor *Fido* was gone,
And his house had left empty behind.

Deserted the chain of the fugitive lay,
With his nuts and his apples thrown by;

Half

Half devour'd she view'd them all scatter'd around,
And beheld the sad scene with a sigh.

She ask'd ev'ry servant, and anxious inquir'd,
Where her dear little Squirrel could be?
But no one the tidings she wish'd for wou'd bear,
And her fav'rite no more she cou'd see.

Alas! art thou gone then? she sadly exclaim'd,
Now whither shall *Jenny* retire?
Soon as she beheld her lov'd brother's approach,
Fresh hopes did her bosom *inspire*.

Oh! my *Robert*, she cried, he is lost! and is gone!
My Squirrel hath vanish'd away;
In vain have I searched each apartment to find,
Where the little deserter could stray!

The lost captive mean time, wicked *Robert* secur'd,
And hugg'd it quite close to his breast;
While sadly impatient it sought to get free,
And struggled, disdaining to rest.

No *Spartan* am I, (when he suffered its gripe)
The pain I no more can endure;
Here, take it again, he with eagerness cried,
And *this wound* with thy tenderness cure.

See the consequence, *Jenny* with anger rejoin'd,
Of such a mischievous design:
The ills you intend on yourself will recoil,
And each sorrow retorted be thine.

You took it, malicious, to make me lament,
The loss of an object I fought;
But the trouble you caus'd you have felt in degree,
And a wound to yourself you have brought.

Then learn that *ill-nature* no good can supply,
Such is *virtue's* eternal decree:
Nor will you, when others you mean thus to tease,
Be yourself from anxiety free.



On a LADY who was remarkable for her
CHEERFULNESS.

CECILIA, I prithy with kindness impart,
Of what secret your soul is possess'd?
For sure disappointment ne'er reaches your heart,
As you *always* appear to be blest.

The smile of complacence still gladdens your eye,
And cheerfulness beams in your face;

Your

Your spirits, tho' varied the fortune you try,
Ne'er the image of joy can displace.

Quite simple the charm, fair *Cecilia* rejoin'd,
You may try it whenever you please;
Be content, and tho' things do not go to your mind
You will triumph still placid with ease.



The H I N T.

To Miss G——

AS Miss *Harriot* her form in the glass did survey,
While each charm to advantage she sought to display ;

Now her tucker adjusted, now comb'd smooth her hair,
Then each different ribbon she held to compare
Which best with the shades of her robe would agree,
And the greatest improvement to nature might be.

At

At last when completed she turn'd to review,
Young *Richard* exclaim'd, there's still something to do.
There is *something*, dear sister, I'm sure, that's not right,
Which should not be there, as it quite shocks one's sight;
Whatever you name it, it must be confess'd,
Unless you remove it, you are not quite dress'd.

She turn'd in a moment, survey'd herself round,
Above and below, and yet nothing was found;
With a new glass she try'd from her top to her toe,
But this like the other the fault would not show.

Pray, *Richard*, at last in a pet she rejoin'd,
Shew yourself where's the fault that is not to your mind.

He smil'd at the question, and taking her hand,
No mortal, my dear, cou'd that *person* withstand;
But still there's an error you shou'd lay aside,
Since no dress, be assured, *affectation* can hide.



The R E T O R T.

To Master R——.

ONE evening when *Richard* return'd from his school,
 He was summon'd to sup on some gooseberry-fool:
 Young *Harriot* with smiling good-humour stood by,
 And remark'd with what *grace* he the spoon did apply.
 How he grasp'd it as fearful 'twou'd drop from his hand,
 And e'en held by the bowl to have better command;
 How

How with smacks he each mouthful seem'd eager
to taste,

And the last precious drop was unwilling to waste.

But, ye Graces! how can I the sequel relate?

Or tell you, ye powers! that he lifted his plate?

And what must have made a Lord *Chesterfield* sick,

That his tongue he applied the remainder to lick.

Now, brother, said *Harriot*, e'en let us agree,

Let me blame *you* for once, as you late censur'd *me*.

From henceforth I'll give *affectation* away,

If you will a little *politeness* display;

For you'll find it is vain while you act like a clown,

To expect you should meet with success or renown;

Your *learning*, to some may your parts recommend,

But the *Graces* must still with assistance befriend,

Or you'll seek disappointed with honour to rise,

As the want of their polish no genius supplies.

Men will judge of your conduct from what they *behold*,

Nor imagine that *lead* is cemented with *gold*;

Or a casket so rough such a gem can enfold.

Then take my advice, rub your outside with care,

If the jewel *within* you'd have valu'd as fair;

And from your admonition I'll try to improve,

To deserve your esteem, and to merit your *love*.



To the S A M E.

SAYS *William* to *Henry*, I cannot conceive,
 What method, my friend, you pursue;
 For tho' you at all times are first of the class,
 Yet you seem to have nothing to do.

While I scarce find a moment for pleasure or sport,
 Still I suffer with shame and disgrace:
 Am chid for a *dunce*, and no honour obtain;
 And keep always the lowest in place.

I'll

I'll tell you, quoth *Hal*, as he twisted the cord,
And cast down his top on the ground;
I'll tell you, but do for the present survey,
How nicely it spins itself round.

My days, my dear *Will*, are much longer than your's,—
Why you start with amaze and surprize!
Two hours in the morn while *you* snore in your bed,
I to learning with industry rise.

That period the fittest for study I find,
And it forwards the work of the day;
Since my exercise done, I am ever prepar'd,
And have leisure remaining for play.



S P R I N G.

NOW the opening violets blow,
 Storms and tempests cease to flow ;
 Snow-drops peeping from the ground,
 All the borders gay surround.
 See th' expanding leaves appear,
 Fairest period of the year !
 Now the vernal hedges rise,
 And beauty every scene supplies.

Nature's

Nature's fairest charms renew,
Where the blossoms burst to view ;
Sweet perfume the thicket yields,
Aided by the new mown fields.
The period this for sport and play,
Nature's brightest holiday ;
Trees which dead did late appear,
Crown with leaves the rising year.
Haste to take the social walk,
Join consenting friends in talk ;
Generous hearts must feel the fire,
Grateful homage can inspire.
Ev'ry scene which strikes the sight,
Brings some image of delight ;
Ev'ry object seems to say,
Winter's gloom is pass'd away.



S U M M E R.

NOW's the time supine to rest,
 Quite with indolence oppress'd;
 Seek we first some cool retreat,
 On a shady moss-grown seat.
 Where the bubbling brook may run,
 Shelter'd from the noon-day sun;
 Where the little lambkins play,
 And the lowing heifers stray.

Where

Where th'expanding flowrets rise,
Beauties with a thousand dyes;
Where the humming bees explore,
Added sweets to crown their store.
There, *Jemima*, will we stray,
And avoid the sultry ray;
There we'll turn the studious page,
And the silent hours engage.
'Till mild evening comes to rove,
O'er the lawn, or thro' the grove;
While with pleasure we survey,
Where the trembling moon-beams play.



A U T U M N.

HAIL! to Autumn's sober reign,
 Plenty smiling in her train;
 Grateful incense should arise,
 And salute the favouring skies.
 See the kind luxurious soil,
 Now reward thy former toil;
 Bear the luscious spoils away,
 Pluck the fruits ere they decay.

Quick

Quick the generous task attend,
See the yellow leaves descend;
Winter's storms will soon be here,
And conclude the circling year.
Now then quickly haste away,
Life admits of no delay;
Youth's the *seed-time* of the mind,
Like the opening *Spring* design'd.
Watch th'expanding buds with care,
Virtue is as frail as fair;
Nipping frosts may blast thy joy,
Chilling hail each hope destroy.
But if firm the blossoms stand,
Cherish'd by thy fostering hand;
Summer's heat shall then secure,
And to ripening worth mature.
Vain then winter's feeble tread,
Reverence waits the silver'd head;
That respect shall ever last,
If improved the seasons past.
Let the withering leaves decay,
Welcome, hail the shorten'd day!
Autumn's useful fruits will cheer,
When life's closing hours appear.



W I N T E R.

WEEP not Winter's stormy reign,
 Summer will return again;
 And each varying season find,
 Pleasure to a cheerful mind.
 While the bleak north-east doth blow.
 Thick may fall descending snow;
 But within the blazing fire,
 Mirth and gladness will inspire.

When we hear the wind and rain,
Deluge all the neighbouring plain,
The shelt'ring roof and plenteous board,
Grateful pleasure shou'd afford.
Pity then should fill the breast,
Wishes kind for the distress'd;
Who depriv'd of plenty lie,
Subject to th' inclement sky.
We may kindly sooth their grief,
To shiv'ring want extend relief;
Sympathetic learn to share
What starving poverty must bear.
For if while with *affluence* blest,
Cold can interrupt our rest,
What must *indigence* and *woe*,
From its terrors undergo?
We can oft the hours beguile,
With new sports make fancy smile;
Lengthen'd evenings have a charm,
When no fears the mind alarm.
The gloomy season soon is past,
Winter shall not always last;
Spring's mild breezes will succeed,
Nature's God hath so decreed.
Soon the seasons will be o'er,
Nor their various gifts deplore;
When to life we bid adieu,
Fairer scenes shall rise to view.

Time its changing round shall cease,
All its woes be hush'd in peace;
Virtue's power eternal reign,
Free from weakness, fear, and pain.



From a GENTLEMAN to his SON on his
confining a BIRD.

*H*ORACE, what greater punishment,
Could I inflict, my boy on thee?
And tell me what wou'd grieve thee more,
Than thus to lose thy liberty?

Yet thou can'st take a savage joy,
To view thy captive's fond desires;

Thou can'st with unrelenting heart,
Behold him beat against his wires.

See he extends his fluttering wings,
His bloody beak does now implore!
He bids thee in persuasive sounds,
To let him go; nor pain him more.

O! can'st thou see each little art,
And all his fond attempts prove vain?
Horatio, have humanity,
And give him liberty again.

Confinement thou could'st never bear
With patience for a single hour:
How can'st thou then, unthinking boy,
Thus torture those within thy power?

Remember that corporeal pain,
Each bird or animal can feel;
Tho' power of language is deny'd,
Th'acute sensation to reveal.

So now, my love, attend my pray'r,
And set thy fluttering captive free;
That if *thou* e'er should'st be confin'd,
I may restore *thy* liberty.



AN INVITATION to Miss M——

ANNA, to you my *compliments* I send,
 (If that's the language to address a friend)
 And beg on *Wednesday* you will come and dine,
 On mutton boil'd attended with no wine.
 No golden goblets shall the table grace:
 But sacred *friendship* shall supply the place:
 The cannisters with bread shall not be fill'd,
 Nor shall you see the lowing heifer kill'd:

Olympic games will not your sight molest,
But on the lap of *friendship* you shall rest:
No fatten vests embroidered thick with gold,
And silver tripods more than can be told,
Shall you receive: but you my heart shall wear,
And all the treasures which are hoarded there.
And tho' it mayn't the *richest* prize be found,
Yet all I give is, I assure you, *sound*.
If my poor heart, and my still poorer board,
The smallest entertainment can afford;
Haste then to come, and here I promise you,
Each thing I've said I faithfully will do.

M. P.



To a Young LADY on the Impropriety of
her BEHAVIOUR at CHURCH.

FLAVIA we see thy form appears,
With care adorn'd in ev'ry part;
Your own attention points our view,
And shows the object next your heart.

But still, howe'er your dress may please,
Awhile the secret joy suspend;

And

And think before *whose* awful throne,
In homage you affect to bend.

Remember his observing eye,
Will notice ev'ry vain desire;
And for each thought of conscious pride,
A future dread account require.

When all those charms that strike the sight,
Shall undistinguished fade away;
Nor outward ornaments avail,
The power of beauty to display.



The K I T E.

A FABLE addressed to Miss HARRIOT S——.

ONCE on a time, my friend, in days of yore,
 When *beasts* could talk, and *men* could scarce do *more*;
 When *birds* could reason, *trees* could speak aloud,
 And voices burst from ev'ry glittering *cloud*;
 It happened that young *Dick* (a boy of parts,
 Unpractised in the world's deceitful arts)

Went

Went out to play, the weather being fair,
And a delightful fine refreshing air.
His kite he took, for then he thought the wind
Blew such a gale, as if for kites design'd.
Will too, his play-mate, went to help him raise
His kite, which had acquired extensive praise;
It flew so well, no kite was e'er so good,
Or ever found of such complying wood.
He now the string precipitant untwines,
And joyful sees it mount upon the winds:
Higher and loftier up with haste it flew,
And almost got beyond young *Richard's* view;
Who holding yet the line with all his strength,
Found it had reached unto its utmost length.
Away he ran, and held it still with pleasure,
And only wish'd it was beyond all measure;
As then *his* kite would surely higher soar,
Than ever kite was known to do before.

At length the kite, grown weary of controul,
Which suited not with its great towering soul;
For kites had *souls* they tell me in those times,
(Or I may say so to help on my rhymes)
Burst forth from silence, and address'd the boy,
The lawful owner of this mighty toy.

Say, thou young stripling, tell me by what right
It is you hold my cord so very tight;
And why when thus I float upon the wind,
Say why the cause you keep me so confin'd?

Ah!

Ah! cruel bondage thus to keep me low,
When unrestrain'd I might in æther flow;
Might draw the air of Gods, for I could fly,
Unheld by thee, up to the nether sky:
Or I cou'd seek *Olympus* dread abodes,
And join in converse with the mighty Gods.
See how great *Jove* sustains this lower world,
And learn how thunderbolts around are hurl'd:
Or else could fly (if yet I chose to stay,
And still partake of *Sol's* refulgent day)
O'er all the nations of the earth and see
How all mankind in different climes agree.
Their various ways, and various laws cou'd learn,
As I their ev'ry action could discern:
Unheeded I should see whatever pass'd,
Such useful knowledge wou'd for ever last.
In pity then, Oh! heed my earnest cry,
In pity heed, and give me liberty.
So spake the kite, and *Richard* thump'd his head,
Whilst he considered on the words it said.

'Tis true! (said he) I think 'tis somewhat hard,
That thou should'st be of liberty debarr'd;
But now I hold thee safe, who then can say,
That I shall see thee on another day:
And, I am sure, I ne'er can let thee go,
Unless to me you'll come again, I know.

I will *indeed*, the kite reply'd with joy,
(Finding he'd mov'd the pity of the boy.)

I will

I will return, and make you wond'rous wife,
With all the hidden myst'ries of the skies.
Thou *wilt indeed!* then *be* thou free, he said,
And instantly he cut the trusty thread
Which kept the kite secure: away it flew,
And seem'd as if its promises were true.
When lo! its wish attain'd, it found too late,
The disadvantage of its present state:
Its whole support upon *itself* now lies,
Too *late* it found it *thought itself too wise*.
Grown giddy with the height, it shakes with fear,
Nor can it find the least assistance near;
Around it turns, and totters in the air,
With no support which it had used to share.
No friendly string to check it e'er it falls!
No *Richard's* hand that back to life recalls!
No strength! no stay! but desolate alone,
Can find no power superior to its own.
Its own too weak to reach the blest abodes,
Or join the converse, as it thought, with Gods;
Too much bewilder'd foreign realms to see;
Too much alarm'd t'enjoy its liberty;
It trembles, flutters, tumbles o'er and o'er,
And quickly sinks, to rise again no more.
For where it fell (so ancient records say)
A stream impetuous took its rapid way;
Whose billows shortly wash'd its frame in twain,
Nor let the smallest vestiges remain.

So ends the fable, and we sure may learn,
In this the fate of *mortals* to discern;
Who daily murmur at that wise control,
Which Heaven exerts o'er ev'ry living soul.
Was it remov'd, my fable plain doth show,
The dread abyfs of misery and woe,
In which they'd be involv'd; but God all wise
Their foolish suits of liberty denies;
Restrains them with such laws as he sees best,
And bids them yield to his all-wise behest.
Thus acting, they due happiness shall gain;
But by resistance, plunge in endless pain.
And, know, my *Harriot*, that the youthful mind,
Still more requires, the line to keep confin'd
Those various fallies of the untaught breast,
Which if allow'd will never let them rest;
'Till, like the *kite*, it breaks thro' ev'ry law,
Which meant not less to *succour* than to *awe*;
'Till tired at length with their own hearts' desire,
Distress'd with pleasures folly did require,
They sink to earth, as did the *kite* before,
They sink to earth, to rise again no more.

M. P.



To Miss***, on the Swiftnefs of TIME.

AH! tell me, my best lov'd, for what do we mourn,
 When we see with what speed all the seasons return?
 How they stretch forth their light-wings to bring on
 the day,
 When the world and its pomps shall all moulder away?
 Mark the buds in the spring, which our eyes do salute,
 How soon in the summer they ripen to fruit,
'Till

'Till grave autumn comes with his steps not more flow,
And old winter succeeds with his tempest and snow.
Thus the seasons pass on, in continual round,
And the trace of last year is no where to be found;
Far distant from us it hath taken its flight,
No more to return or revisit our sight.
See the leaves, my dear girl, how at every breeze,
They are strew'd o'er our path, and fall from the trees;
The forest's gay honours no longer are seen,
And the meadows no more wear a carpet of green.
Yet to cast back an eye o'er the year which is past,
We start with amaze that time glides on so fast;
Stand astonish'd to think that a twelvemonth's flown by,
Since the very same scene saluted our eye.
Then listen, my love, and attend to my theme,
Regard life as it is, a mere *vapour*, or *dream*,
Which soon will be fled like a bird in the air,
And whilst it remains, it is scarce worth our care.
Let us use it alone as a path to be trod,
Which will lead us at length to the temple of God;
Where every grief shall be mov'd far away,
And we suffer'd to joy in a ne'er-ceasing day:
Where thou shalt receive what thou can'st not do here,
Surpassing by far more than mortals can bear,
A reward for thy virtue and courage of mind,
A reward which in Heaven alone thou can'st find.

M. P.



On a young LADY being stung by a WASP.

YOUNG *Myra* at play in a garden of fruit,
 With rapture the prospect survey'd;
 Rich clustering grapes from the vines pendant hung,
 And the plum trees their honours display'd.
 At length a fine large one, more ripe than the rest,
 Engaged the fair *Myra's* regard;
 She despis'd each obstruction that stood in her way,
 At the thought of its ample reward.

She

She ran to the wood-house a stick to obtain,
Then return'd to the tree with a bound;
But still both together, the stick and her arm
Tho' united, too short yet she found.

What shall I do now then? (she thoughtfully said)
How gather that plum from the tree?
O! a stool I will fetch, upon that I will stand,
Sure tall enough *that* will make me.

Thus sure of success, she fetch'd out a stool,
And jump'd on its seat with a smile;
Now, now Mr. *Plum*, said she to herself,
You shall shortly repay all my toil.

Thus mounted she stood, with the stick in her right,
Whilst her left hand held tight by a bough;
Then stretching her arm, she gave it a push,
Singing, O! I shall have you down now.

The plum so assail'd no resistance could make,
But instantly fell to the ground;
Not quietly fell like a brick or a stone,
For oft on the grass it roll'd round.

Rejoic'd at the sight, *Myra* jump'd from her stand,
And hastily flew to her prize,
Whilst the pleasure of victory beat in her breast,
And joy sparkl'd bright in her eyes.

Too eagerly then she began to devour
The fruit which her art did obtain;

When instead of the *pleasure* she hop'd to receive
She found bitter *anguish* and *pain*.

Alarm'd and surpriz'd, she scream'd out aloud,
Whilst the tears trickled fast down each cheek ;
Call'd forth by her cries, fond mamma soon appear'd,
To whom *Myra* these words did bespeak.

O! mamma, that fine plum which lies on the ground,
With vast trouble and care I procur'd ;
But in biting a piece, it gave me much pain,
And such anguish as can't be endur'd.

Ah! my dear, said the mother, more skill'd than the child,
A wasp lay conceal'd in the skin ;
And tho' to *appearance* the plum was most fair,
Unnotic'd *deceit* lurk'd within.

Learn hence, then, my love, and this maxim attend,
Ne'er to trust to a gilded outside ;
Since what to the eye may the fairest appear
The basest intention may hide.

'Tis *virtue* alone, deep lodg'd in the heart,
Can merit our love or delight ;
Then search for *interior* perfection to find,
Nor trust to what pleases your sight.

M. P.

On



On a young GENTLEMAN being desirous of a
GOLDFINCH.

YOUNG *Celidon* once, with most earnest desire,
Had try'd every method a *bird* to acquire.

O! could I, said he, but a goldfinch obtain,
Should my search thro' the thicket no more be in vain,
With what rapture I then should each moment employ,
Whilst to hark to its notes would transport me with joy.

In

In this little cage, (taking one in his hand)
 I would give it some water, some seed, and some sand,
 Some groundsel besides I would strew o'er the wires.
 And careful attend to all its desires.
 Each morn out at window I'd place it for air,
 Whilst from noon's scorching sun I'd guard it with care;
 From the dews of the evening, I'd cover it warm,
 And protect it from even the shadow of harm.

But why, my dear *Col*, all this care shou'd you show?
 Why so cautiously guard it from every woe?
 Reply'd his fond father, who heard him declare,
 What constant attention his goldfinch should share.

Can my father then ask, straight the stripling rejoin'd,
 The *reason* why I to my bird should be kind?
 Can a generous mind e'er endure then to see,
 Ought that *feeling* possesses in *miser*y be?
 Ah! have you not told me, and frequently said,
 The wretch who unmov'd bitter anguish can shed,
 Full amply deserves all those pangs to sustain,
 And be punish'd himself with most exquisite pain?

I have (quoth the father) thus said, my dear boy,
 And to find you retain it transports me with joy.
 But if *Mercy* you wish all your actions to guide,
 Let *Justice*, my son, o'er your judgment preside;
 Impartially argue, drive self-love away,
 And then, my dear *Colidon*, honestly say,
 What seed, sand or groundsel d'ye think can supply,
 The loss to a *bird* of its sweet *liberty*?

Its pinions so strong form'd to mount on the air,
Inactive will languish, oppress'd by your care:
In a cage close confin'd no joys can it know,
But must drag out, imprison'd, a life full of woe.
If merciful then you would wish to be thought,
O! let not a bird in such bondage be brought.
Let humanity once in your bosom but plead,
And, I'm sure, you'll abhor so tyrannic a deed.

M. P.



A CONVERSATION between Master TOMMY
and Miss JENNY on READING.

AS little *Tom Trip* lay along on the grass,
Miss *Jenny* ran frolicking by;
Tom jumping up cry'd, O! stop pretty las,
And tarry till I can come nigh.

If you want me, said *Jenny*, be quick then and run,
For I cannot here tarry for you,

Ten thousand things know, there wait to be done,
Which I must now hasten to do.

Pray what, reply'd *Tom*, can so much engage,
And hinder you now from your play?
I'm sure 'tis improper a girl of your age,
In working should spend all the day.

I do not, return'd little *Jane* with a smile,
The *whole* day in industry spend,
But *some* business 'tis needful our time should beguile,
And *some* reading our intellects mend.

O reading (said *Tom*) that I hate worse than all,
My lesson I cannot endure,
And had rather by far, stand tossing this ball
For ever, than read, I am sure.

Not read? (reply'd *Jenny* astonish'd to find,
That any so simple could be,)
Not read pretty books to enlighten your mind?
O! how widely you differ from me!

I am sorry to differ, cry'd *Tom*, but pray where
In your life, did you meet with a book,
Deserving the title of *pretty* to bear,
Or worthy receiving a look?

My mamma, replies *Jenny*, when she goes to town,
Ne'er forgets upon *Marshall* to call;
Who sends me great numbers of pretty books down,
And with pleasure I study them all;

Some with nonsense indeed, more than others abound,
Which mamma shortly throws in the fire;
Whilst those which exhibit instructions more sound,
With rapture I read and admire.

Why then, answer'd *Tom*, if such is the case,
Mr. *Marshall* may send me some too;
And I in my reading, will soon run a race,
A race, my dear *Jenny*, with you.

M. P.



DICK'S Advice to TIMOTHEUS.

*T*IMOTHEUS, my boy, says rosy face *Dick*,
 To hear you talk thus makes me perfectly sick!
 You hammer, and stammer, and bawl out so loud,
 As if you were really haranguing a crowd;
 Tho' were that the case each alternate word,
 I'm sure, by your audience would never be heard:
 So quick and so drawling, so high and so low,
 'Tis impossible ever your subject to know.

In short, my dear lad, I must honestly say,
 Your reading resembles a jack-ass's bray.
 Like a jack-ass's bray, it may stun us before,
 But no mortal can patient such discord endure.
 Then do, dear *Timotheus*, in pity to all
 Who are destin'd to hear you, forbear so to bawl:
 With better discretion, pray govern your voice,
 Or else at your *silence* the world must rejoice.

Rejoice at my silence (*Timotheus* return'd,
 While'gainst *Richard* his bosom indignant now burn'd,)
 If that be the case you shall never again
 Hear me open my lips, if it gives you such pain.

Nay! be not so serious, said *Dick* with a smile,
 Your reading may often a moment *beguile*,
 Tho' no *profit*, I'm certain, can ever accrue,
 From any that read so absurdly as you.
 Greater pains on your accent bestow then, my friend,
 Nor doubt your endeavours your reading will mend.

M. P.

Young



Young PHILEMON accused by his SISTER of
CRUELTY.

LITTLE *Philemon* once pluck'd a rose from the lawn,
To deck to perfection his bower;
With pleasure the arbour he strove to adorn,
And grace it with each blooming flower.

With woodbines and lillies he planted it round,
And jessamine was not forgot;

Each beauty of nature there seem'd to abound,
And flourishing render the spot.

Come *Celia*, (he said to his sister) my dear,
To my arbour, O! hasten with me;
Where the song of the linnet distinct you may hear,
And the beautiful violet see.

Your arbour, says *Celia*, is pretty before,
And the linnet sings sweetly I know;
But a deed you've committed I cannot endure,
Nor will I consent then to go.

Your bosom, my brother, unmov'd can survey,
And exquisite torments impart,
With the pangs of another unheeded can play;
And even yourself cause the smart.

Yes, *Philemon*, yes, last night on the green,
Your pleasure you could not well hide;
When you knew not by me your actions were seen,
And the *cockchafer* spun till it dy'd.

Such cruelty, know, my soul must detest,
Nor can I e'er value the boy,
Whose callous, inhuman, tyrannical breast,
Can such cruel pastime enjoy.

The heart that relentless such sufferings can see,
And so wickedly mispend an hour;
I always conclude, and *justly*, that he
So would use all who fell in his power.

Excuse me then, *Phil*, if I chuse not to go,
With a boy so inhuman as you;
For whoe'er to a *fly* can *barbarity* show,
Will not scruple the worst deed to do.

M. P.



GEORGE'S Advice to TIMOTHY.

TO his brother, says *George*, (whose good-humour
 clear
 In every action and word did appear)
 Why, *Timothy*, why, hangs that cloud on your brow?
 What fresh provocation hath nettled you now?
 Ah! what pity a visage by nature adorn'd,
 Should so frequent by anger and rage be deform'd!
 What

What pity a heart of true knowledge the seat,
Should so oft with resentment and petulance beat!
Says *Tim*, brother *George*, I deserve not your blame,
My *nature* abhors, like yours, to be tame;
I cannot submissive with smiles sit me down,
At the moment that insolence calls forth a frown.
Each affront, well I know, you will placid pass by,
Nor let anger indignant e'er flash from your eye;
Such unfeeling composure for me will not do,
Nor can I your system or practice pursue.

Ah! brother, says *George*, I am sorry to find,
That so fatal an error hath seiz'd on your mind:
An error so certain to banish all rest,
All peace and composure, far, far from your breast.
For that heart a stranger to peace must remain,
That suffers of anger the exquisite pain;
Which corroding consumes like a canker each joy,
Whose fell gnawing tooth will all comfort destroy.
Tho' ill-treated you've been, yet, believe me, your rage,
Nor remorse, nor compassion, nor pity engage:
Nay, the hand that offended fresh strength will acquire,
And will even delight to add fuel to fire.
Thus useless your anger, tho' blown to a flame,
Then why those reproaches because I'm so tame?
Far better, my brother, small ills to despise,
Than suffer the tempest of anger to rise:
Whose billows impetuous soon run us ashore.
Where *reason* is shipwreck'd, and *virtue* thrown o'er;

On whose swelling surge nought but *folly* can ride,
 And *prudence* wants strength o'er the helm to preside.
 Fly, fly then, my brother, ah! hasten away,
 From rocks that will split, and from shores that betray.
 'Midst the tempest of *anger* no joys shall we find,
 'Tis *good-humour* alone can enlighten the mind;
 'Tis *good-humour*, alone can true pleasure secure,
 And purchase delight that shall ever endure.

M. P.



The R E C R U I T.

AS young *Roger* one morning was driving his
 plough,
 He whistled with thoughtless content;
 No care or ambition disturb'd his repose,
 While in labour his hours were spent.

He look'd round on the fields, and exulting with joy,
 In fancy their harvest survey'd;

When

When all his fatigue, and his toil shou'd be o'er,
And each anxious suspense be repaid.

When the lengthening shadows completed the day,
And bright *Phæbus* retired to rest;
When the lambkins were cautiously drove to the fold,
And each chorister flew to his nest.

Then *Roger* conducted his steeds and his plough,
To the farm-house that stood in the vale,
There join'd with his friends in the frugal repast,
And laugh'd at each fanciful tale.

Some told how the elves wou'd the meadows surround,
While the moon its pale light did supply;
Attention stood mute the recital to hear,
And found it conclude with a sigh.

They talk'd of the light-footed dance on the green,
And how agile they sprang from the ground;
While the grass-hoppers chirping did music supply,
And their motions kept pace with the sound.

They talk'd until credulous *Fancy* had near
The wild image with wonder believ'd;
Had not *Reason*, more sage, the reflection inspir'd,
That with truth it cou'd ne'er be receiv'd.

Thus

Thus social the hours flew pleasantly by,
And he sunk undisturb'd to repose;
His heart was unruffled by care or by grief,
And to ease and contentment arose;

But alas! the sad change how I grieve to relate,
Yet my muse the disaster must tell;
How the swain was seduc'd from his cottage away,
And what mischief poor *Roger* besel!

One morning as early he drove to the field
The cattle he tended with care;
The shrill sound of the horn call'd the hunter to mount,
And he long'd in the pastime to share.

Discontented he furlily trudg'd to the barn,
And with anger he took up the flail:
He foolishly wish'd with the sportsman to join,
And the loss of the chase did bewail.

How *I* am confin'd (filly youth he exclaim'd)
To toil thro' the course of the year;
No pleasing enjoyments my hours beguile,
And no pleasure that labour to cheer.

Thus as sadly he spoke a young soldier appear'd,
By accident stop'd in the chase;

Then why linger, to *Roger* he smiling reply'd,
Why thus linger in sloth and and disgrace?

Ah! lose not so idly the period of youth,
But repair to the camp of the brave;
I will guide thee, my lad, both to pleasure and fame,
And your *king* and your *country* to save.

You shall wake to more glorious sounds than the *horn*,
You shall *march* to the notes of the *pipe*;
Think no more, I conjure, of the sports of the field,
When *Britain* with *Gaul* is at strife.

He heard, and betray'd by the foolish desire,
An increase of amusement to find,
Forsook, unreflecting, his father's abode,
And left *peace* and *contentment* behind.

But too late, he unhappy repented the deed,
And regretted his rural employ;
He found *labours* attendant on every state,
And fatigue gives the relish of joy.

He pined for the friends whom he late had forgot,
Nor heeded the grief they endur'd;
Poor *Roger* soon found that *contentment* was best,
And *impatience* no good had procured.

On a cold piercing night as he crept to his tent,
He wish'd for his cot and his bed;
Now his memory trac'd back past scenes with a sigh,
Those scenes which *for ever* were fled.

His slumbers disturb'd could no visions present,
But his lov'd, his paternal abode;
How his conduct a *father* had wounded with grief,
And sunk down his age with the load.

When beyond their just bounds our desires extend,
We stand on the verge of distress;
Since blinded by folly each comfort to scorn,
No delight has the power to bless.

Then learn from the sorrows that *Roger* endur'd,
The remorse that depriv'd him of rest;
That none should too ardent *amusement* desire
If they hope to be *cheerful* and *blest*.



THE DROWNED FLIES.

ONE morning as *John* did the breakfast prepare,
 And the equipage plac'd with attention and care;
 Near the corner their stood a nice ewer of cream,
 Which the flies, as you know, do most fondly esteem.
 In a moment the scent so delicious they found,
 That a party the brim did with pleasure surround:
 There sipping they stood, (ah! what ills do arise,
 For temptation surmounts e'en the prudence of flies;)

The

The full draught of enjoyment they quaff'd with delight,

'Till by plunging too deep they were drowned outright.

Some attempted in vain by resistance to rise,
But the glutinous substance each effort denies;
It adhered to their wings with such powerful force,
As immersed them more deep, and obstructed their course:

While others more fortunate crawled up on high,
Tho' the liquid denied them the power to fly;
Then shook off the moisture instinctive with care,
And spread their thin pinions abroad to the air.

Young *Edward* when down to the parlour he came,
Was beginning the servant's imprudence to blame;
Had he covered the cream with a saucer or card,
These tiresome flies had been easy debarr'd.

Fair *Lucinda*, whose bosom with pity was mov'd,
Thus gently the warmth of her brother reprov'd.
True, *Edward*! yon card had indeed been of use,
For behold here what mischief this cream cou'd produce;

There are *eight*, I declare, on the surface lay dead,
With two others whose efforts the danger have fled.
And if (for so *Shakespear* has taught us to know,
As severe are *their* sufferings of corporal woe;)
If doom'd by the sovereign mandate of fate,
To suffer from pangs insupportably great;

While such force for resistance great nature supplies,
 That an insect disordered in agony lies,
 And at last, like the mightiest giant, it dies.

Ah! think then, my brother, how thoughtless a deed,
 Has the death of so many poor insects decreed:

'Tis a thought might more justly awaken thy rage,
 Than the cause which appeared such regard to engage.

Young *Edward* survey'd them and gently he sigh'd,
 And what then, my sister, is *pity*, he cry'd?

Thy remonstrance, I vow, brings the tear to mine
 eye,

And a thousand soft images seem to supply,
 Yet how foolish to weep at the death of a *fly*!



The NEGRO BEGGAR, a Reply to the foregoing.

WHAT is *pity*? she asked (as she wiped from
her face

That tear which bestow'd an additional grace.)

Ah! what? in a low tender accent she said,
As the mendicant bow'd down his reverend head!

'Tis an impulse, my *Edward*, we ought to obey,
Nor send shivering want with unkindness away.

'Tis the *softest* emotion the bosom can feel,
What tho' *now* I experience, I cannot reveal.

Yon palsied old man does *my pity* engage,
 How helpless he totters, decrepit with age;
 No *friend* to support him, or solace his grief,
 No *parish* to him will afford its relief:
 His *complexion*, alas! to a *stranger* denies,
 The sacred provision compassion supplies:
 He is taught the *religion* of *Christians* to know,
 And he *feels* what assistance their care can bestow.
 Then *pity* may sure call her tenderest tear,
 When an object so sad to her view does appear.
This, this is a sight which deserves her respect,
 Then treat not her pleadings with churlish neglect.



SILVIA'S CHOICE.

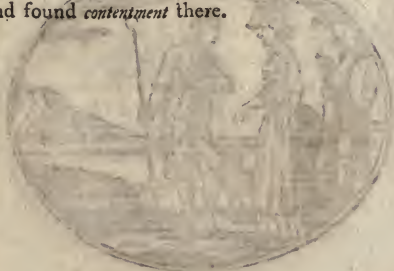
ROBIN has gain'd fair *Silvia's* heart,
 And how do'ye think 'twas done?
 Not by his riches, or his face,
 The beauteous prize was won.

'Twas not by acres he can boast,
 By titles, or by fame;

For

For *Robin* is a gentle youth,
Whom no such honours claim.

What wond'rous charm had then, you'll say,
The power to please the fair?
To speak the truth, she knew his heart;
And found *contentment* there.





The D O L L S.

A FABLE.

AS little *Fanny* on the ground,
 Sat with her play-things all around;
 Two favourite *dolls* among the rest,
 By turns she beat, by turns caress'd.

One was of *wood*, a decent child,
 With a round face that always smil'd;

OF

Of rosy cheeks a blushing pair,
With jetty eyes, and coal-black hair;
And its complexion was as white,
As ever struck the gazer's sight:
Its dress a jacket was of green,
With little flowers of pink between;
Stripes of the same put here and there,
And brown, I think, the edges were.
Betsy was *now* the name she bore,
Tho' call'd *Maria* once before:
For little *Fanny's* wav'ring mind,
Was apt new titles oft to find;
Nor did she think of application,
To the high council of the nation,
Or troubled with her right or claim,
the *government* for change of name.

The other babe with curious art,
Was form'd to please in every part.

With nicest symmetry of face,
Each feature wore enchanting grace.
Its smile four ivory teeth disclose,
The tongue just shown betwixt the rows:
Its azure eyes and flaxen hair,
Were beautiful beyond compare:
A kind of muslin robe it wore,
Which button'd prettily before;
With little eyelet holes adorn'd,
And narrow lace the tucker form'd;

A sash of blue, which neatly tied,
Hung gracefully adown its side.
Its cap I had forgot to name,
Yet it might just attention claim,
Since it was stitch'd with nicest care,
Well suited to a face so fair.
Such *dolls* could little *Frances* boast,
But this *wax-babe* she honour'd most:
Yet both with tender care she fed,
Undress'd and laid them on their bed:
Then kiss'd, and wish'd them sweet repose,
And gently did the curtains close:
Softly on tiptoe crept away,
While side by side her darlings lay.

Then follow'd what I shall unfold,
Or *Fancy* wrong the story told;
That the *wax-child*, so whisper'd *Fame*,
(*Charlotte* the mother call'd its name,)
Began with air and voice unkind,
Thus with her sister blame to find.
You *wooden* log! how dare you lay,
And by *my* side presume to stay?
Thou heavy clod! and know'st thou not,
That thou art doom'd with *age* to rot?
That *worms* will eat thy form away,
And gnaw thy substance to decay?
And dost thou think *thy painted face*,
Can vie with *my celestial* grace?

My beauties e'en surpass the fair,
And more than *human* charms I wear.
See the blue veins that seem to flow!
With life these cheeks appear to glow!
Such animation can the art,
Of ingenuity impart.

But as for *thee* they must be blind,
Who pleasure in thy looks can find.
Why then is thy allotted place,
Allow'd *my beauties* to disgrace?
Get farther! nor molest me so,
But learn thy distance hence to know.

First move *thyself*, poor *Bess* rejoin'd,
Since you're of such *superior* kind:
For know, *proud doll!* I ne'er pretend,
By my *own power* these limbs to bend:
And if each *worm* is sworn my foe,
Not yet I fear their rage to know:
While if before the *fire* you lay,
Your vaunted charms will melt away;
Your face, your hands, your only boast,
In undistinguish'd *liquid* lost.

This shou'd you 'scape, one casual *fall*,
Will full as surely ruin all;
Leave thy *stuffed carcase* to neglect,
And lose each title to respect.

But then, *vain boaster!* learn to know,
Our charms no greater worth bestow,

Than

Than as we best that *end* succeed,
 The skilful artist has decreed.
 For if we want th'amusing power,
 To please the *infant's* leisure hour,
 Then thrown with negligence aside;
 One equal fate our forms will hide;
 No longer then our charms contest,
 But which shall please young *Frances* best.

She ceased. Nor needs it I should tell,
 How *wax* or *wood* could talk so well;
 Suffice the purpose of my tale,
 That not the moral hint should fail.
 And soon the haughty *Charlotte* found,
 That *accidents* our pride may wound:
 So none should boast themselves secure,
 That their *good fortune* will endure.

Fanny unseen had left behind,
 A *kitten* of a playful kind:
 Who would her gambol freaks pursue,
 As youthful cats are wont to do.
 Now, you must know, the window seat
 Just served their bed for a retreat;
 And as the *dolls* in order lay,
 Puffs wish'd that she could pass that way.
 The curtains waving with the wind,
 Perhaps she thought a mouse to find;
 So pushing in her head between,
 Down fell the bed, a rueful scene.

But ah! to tell the fatal stroke,
Poor *Charlotte* all in shivers broke.
Her lovely *face* in pieces flew,
And left a ghastly head to view;
Down jump't the cat, enjoy'd the rout,
And kick'd the sad remains about.

Learn then from hence, my youthful friend,
Some better' purpose to attend,
Than *affectation*, *dress*, and *pride*,
Or nothing will thy *folly* hide.
Beauty like *wax* will melt away,
Disease can sink it to decay.
A *fever's heat* may spoil the grace,
And shortly change the fairest face.
Nor can the loveliest form dispense,
With want of *virtue* or of *sense*,
Like the *rag body* all despise,
That ignorance which seeks disguise;
While *worth* with *homely feature* join'd,
Is certain *just esteem* to find.

Be uniformly good, perfection seek
And let the *face* a kindred *mind* bespeak.



The QUARREL.

*W*ILLIAM and *Hal*, two honest boys,
 Fell out about some trifling toys,
 I am sure, says *Will*, the other night,
 You cheated me of half my right!
 Out of *six taws* I *should* have had,
 You left but *three*, and those were bad.
 So prithee now the rest restore,
 And pay the debt you ow'd before.

Not I! says *Harry*, I declare,
The other night you had your share:
I cheat you? You may blush for shame,
To call me by a villain's name.
I tell you, *Will*, I better know
Than bear this charge without a blow;
I scorn your words, and scorn reply,
'Tis known I neither *cheat* nor *lie*.

Hush! hush! cry'd *Dick*, who by their side.
Calmly the cause of combat eyed.
Why, *Harry*, *Will* is but in joke!
Don't like a *fool* his rage provoke!
And if like simpletons you fight,
Say will *that* make the *marbles* right?
Come! come! I cannot bear to see,
Two honest fellows disagree.
Make up the quarrel boys, and share
All my whole stock, I do not care.

No! no! young *William* then rejoin'd,
'Tis not the *marbles* that I mind;
Nor did I *really* mean to say
That I was *cheated* at my play.
But since he is so soon on fire,
And seems a *battle* to desire;
I'll let him know that I disdain,
To have him *challenge* me again.

So saying, off his *coat* he drew,
And on the ground his *waistcoat* threw;

And

And spite of all that *Dick* could say,
To *Henry* bent his eager way ;
Who pressing forward at his foe,
Struck on his cheek an angry blow.
And now they join with all their might,
Each aiming at the other's *fight*.
Their shoulders many a knock sustain'd,
With deep indented bruises pain'd.
Now with an *elbow* rais'd to ward,
And danger from the face to guard :
Then closing quick, together fell,
And dealt more strokes than I can tell.
Together rising up they flew,
Raging the combat to renew ;
'Till *Hal* exulting aim'd a blow,
Which laid the prostrate *William* low.
Cover'd with *dust*, defac'd with *blood*,
His *nostrils* pour'd a crimson flood ;
While his swell'd *eyes* obscur'd the light,
And the scene danced before his sight.

His adverse foe now friend again,
With kindness rais'd him from the plain.
Dost thou, he cried, then own it now ?
Wilt thou my *honesty* allow ?
Ne'er did I *cheat* thee, I declare,
Nor could the imputation bear :
But now be just, the *truth* attest,
And let in peace the matter rest.

Calmly the wounded youth rejoin'd,
 I know thou art of noble kind;
 Fairly thy *courage* I have try'd,
 And but in *jest* the charge imply'd:
 But if you think I speak from *fear*,
 I will renew the combat here;
 Nor will the offer e'er refuse,
 At *any time* which you shall chuse.
 This said, and *Will* had wip'd his face,
 With cordial friendship they embrace.

And pray, says *Dick*, now you have *fought*,
 And crack'd your precious *skulls* for nought;
Knock'd out your eyes to prove a *joke*,
 Which you were *willing* to *revoke*;
 I hope you think you've clear'd your *fame*,
 And rank with *heroes* now may claim?
 Are by each other *more* belov'd,
 Each doubt of cowardice remov'd?
 This *may* be *noble* work I trow!
 But I had rather shun the blow;
 Nor *like* the honour *Fame* bestows,
 From *battered head* and *bloody nose*.

But how to help it, *Hal*, replied,
 Dear *Dick*, what can one do beside?

What *do*? return'd the smiling boy,
 In *better sports* your time employ.
 I find no foes, nor ever make
 A cause of quarrel from *mistake*.

But *you* may wrangle if you please,
Tho' *I* prefer the joys of ease.
Why need you heed a foolish jest,
Of conscious innocence possess'd?
Or tho' you're *strongest* of the two,
Say, does that bring your *truth* to view?
The *lying knave* may *swear* and *cheat*,
Yet make a *better* man retreat.
If *force* is *honour*, then I own,
Justly your *proffes* you have shown.
And what audacious *ruffians* dare,
With *virtue* equal praise may share.
The *fact* was just the same, before
You *fought* your *credit* to restore.
If *Will* could then as truth believe,
You *really* meant him to deceive;
He still must surely think the same,
Nor give the deed a fairer name:
And though *you* offer'd him to fight,
Nor would *his pride* the challenge slight,
Yet *both* are in my sober mind,
But *silly fools* when so inclin'd.
This said, they rose again to play,
And in good-humour walk'd away.



The DOMESTIC LOSS; or, the DEATH of a Dog.

MARIA was the gentlest girl,
That e'er the village had survey'd;
Each charm of smiling innocence,
Her artless countenance portray'd.

Not with *design* she ever gave,
To any heart a moment's pain;
Nor ever heard without a sigh
The meanest animal complain.

Her

Her poor and aged mother strove,
Food for her darling to provide;
But small the portion she could gain,
As she was *weak* and *blind* beside.

One faithful dog was all their store;
Fidelio was the fav'rite's name;
He guided with assiduous care,
The footsteps of the sightless dame,

Maria in the neighbouring fields
Industrious to her labour went,
And joyful would at eve's return,
Bring back her earning with content.

Then would *Fidelio* near her stand,
And while she stroak'd his faithful head;
Would wag his tail, and watch her looks,
Waiting impatient to be fed.

Each mouthful pleas'd would she divide;
Nor e'er forgot *Fidelio's* claim;
Or if he wander'd from her side,
The cot resounded with his name

One hapless morn she early rose,
And call'd *Fidelio* to attend;
O! come my gentle dog! she cried,
My dearest mother's steps befriend!

Without *thy* aid she cannot tell,
The dang'rous ditch or pond to flee;

Her wand'ring feet the path may lose,
Nor evil's near approach can see.

While thus she spoke, beneath a shade
Her lost *Fidelio* she espied;
But starting, with amaze she saw,
His body pour'd a crimson tide.

With quicker pace she hasten'd on,
And sought to lift him from the ground;
He rais'd his head, he lick'd her hand,
And howl'd expiring with his wound.

Nor knew she then the hapless cause
That had *Fidelio*'s death decreed;
With other view a fowler aim'd,
The piece which made *Fidelio* bleed.

Maria with a pensive air,
The tears fast trickling down her cheek,
In mute attention gaz'd awhile,
Her tender heart too full to speak.

At length she cried, My faithful dog!
Ah! who thy service shall supply?
Supine thy mistress now must sit,
Save when *Maria*'s hand is nigh.

Now undirected must she *feel*,
With terror her uncertain way;

Deceived

Deceived by distance, as unseen
Those objects, which the nearest lay.

For her thy loss I more bewail,
Because I know her mind will grieve;
And few the comforts which remain,
Her state of sadness to relieve.

How shall I wish! and how lament!
Thy presence each succeeding day!
Thy barking welcom'd my return,
With frolic leaps and jocund play.

At night how watchful wou'dst thou be,
Least any foe should wander near;
Heark'ning attentive to each sound,
Which did invade thy list'ning ear.

Who now shall occupy the place,
Where out-stretch'd thou was wont to lay;
Before the threshold of our cot,
Warm basking in the sunny ray.

Poor dog, adieu! thy honest fame,
Maria never shall forget!
But oft will recollect thy worth,
Where late thy shaggy form she met.
Each purpose nature did design,
Thou didst with industry fulfil;

And still more useful to become,
Wanted the *power* but not the *will*.

This lesson let me then discern,
And copy out with studious care;
Improve with *circumspective* mind,
The higher favours which *I* share.

If led by *instinct's* voice alone,
That instinct *gratitude* could teach:
Then bless'd with *reason* to reflect,
To what perfection should *I* reach?

How thankful should my heart o'erflow,
For mercies that adorn the *mind*,
For *thought*, *imagination*, *speech*,
The privilege of *human kind*?

If *this* distinction be abused,
Less grateful than the *brutes* we prove;
Since nature's dictates *they* pursue,
And pay fidelity for love.

THE END.



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